



as above so below

PARENTAL  
**ADVISORY**  
EXPLICIT CONTENT

# Crime Wave Tehran by Vinnie Paz

Vinnie Paz

Crime Wave Tehran

[Intro:]

Warning signs of satanic behavior may be apparent. Such as;

A sudden bitterly antagonistic attitude towards family and religion

A drastic decline in academic performance

A reclusive behavior pattern and listening exclusively to heavy metal rock music almost to the point of addiction

When one or more of these warning signs are evident, you should look further for ritual items such as a pentagram or other satanic symbols, black or red rose, a decorative dagger or knife, a chalice or goblet, black candles, a personal diary with a black cover which is called a book of shadows, and copies of publications, such as The satanic bible and the satanic rituals, and possibly, a small makeshift altar

If you discover items such as these, experts advise that you contact your local law enforcement agency at once

[Verse 1: Vinnie Paz]

This is Boxcutter business, this is blade in the hand

I'm pulling rank on you muhfuckas—chain of command

This Moroccan feds akhi, this is granules of sand

This is made of pure linen, this is ancient Iran

Notre Dame sign, Quasimodo and shit

The magazine empty out, I'm reloadin' the shit

It was no fair, I was tryna live in the now

Mama scared, I ain't goin' to her crib through a while

This the master builder, this the Yamisaki

Have a bunch of hitters clap you from the Kawasaki

Epuki givin' footage to D's

That's what happen when you can't see the wood for the trees

A couple rounds popped into his visage

How can an unpolished mirror reflect an image?

It's always motion, action and devotion

And you ain't thinkin' homie, you reactin' off emotion

[Hook: Chinaski Black]

Put your vest on

Little homie put your vest on

Put your vest on

I'ma shooter motherfucker, put your vest on  
Put your vest on  
I got bullets for you partner, put your vest on  
Yo, put your vest on

[Verse 2: Vinnie Paz]

The maiden bathin' in a clear pool of fresh water  
This the hierophant's chalice, this the next slaughter  
Perpendicular of the pyramid dress altar  
I was taught the brazen bull is the best torture  
If it ain't one thing, it's another  
And I don't wait for motion, I'm a different muhfucka  
Fools die, Mario Puzo  
They slumped him like Angelo Bruno  
He saw the Iron Ages like a Canaanite  
It's bags of trees here, vegetation heist  
You say my name, I'm fucking you up  
Y'all are clout-chasin' homie and enough is enough  
Gun brawls, hand-to-hand, homie it's whatever  
It's talking and it's action, and nobody live forever  
So get yourself a blicky and chill  
Or the ox is coming out, buck 50 is grill  
Toma!

[Hook: Chinaski Black]

Put your vest on  
Little homie put your vest on  
Put your vest on  
I'ma shooter, motherfucker, put your vest on  
Put your vest on  
I got bullets for you partner, put your vest on  
Yo, put your vest on

# Scorched Earth by Vinnie Paz

[Verse 1: Vinnie Paz]

Flashbang, that's a photo op  
My shooters take you out the fucking picture like a Photoshop  
A thousand knives coming at you, that's a Sakamoto shot  
The 93-R machine pistol that'll Robocop  
Three round burst mode, blow your fucking fingers off  
Lights out, black ski mask, and the ringer off  
Action and reaction, akhi, I don't even think at all  
The cuete out of Italy, the 'caine is out of Singapore  
Y'all know I'm never running out of ammo  
The yoppa keep spitting like somebody chew tobacco  
Screwface, ox under the tongue, I'm a wacko  
Sentence you to death, blood feud, and I'm Draco  
That's the sound of the machete chop  
Beat a motherfucker til his eye end up like Fetty Wap  
I had motherfuckers going south for the birds  
Y'all ain't doing nothing, actions speak louder than words

[Interlude: Estee Nack]

And my word stay bond son. You know what I'm sayin'? Bond is life and I give my life before my words,  
y'all feel that? Yo, so listen

[Verse 2: Estee Nack]

I smoke flavors of shorty listening to La India  
Works for Rodriguez, stand to settle within  
Handle beamers, fully automatic Beretta Ninas  
Arenas, the work is genius, only respect the seniors  
Señore, smoke oil, sniff it into Pyrex  
Double the grind ax, dump the beamer, slip into Fylex  
Strip you suplex, my n\*\*\*\*a you guessed it, who protest it  
True to the Est, it's beautiful, precious  
Get it moving in Venice to Budapest, I'm moving and flexing  
The music masses from the prisons to the pazzes  
Endless, infinite mental, magnetics, molecular measurements  
True living god in the flesh, no beginning, no ending  
The Ford is a death deficit  
Yo, it ain't even a question of whether I'm still in the streets

Definite

[Verse 3: Jay Royale]

I got heathens to make the beef broil

Your arms too weak for the recoil

Throw you to the wolves and they feast on you

I can sick the streets on you, it's only beats you can feed me with

Shit get thick, approach your whip with a stick like a Squeegee

When you cross paths with trigger bullets, it's rigor mortis

The brick's enormous, from long range can flip a walrus

Burn shit up like incinerators pushing pen and paper

Fuck around and split your chin with a razor

It's critical slander, I'm sick with spitting the grammar

I can regenerate a limb like (?)

Let's switch the agenda, cold and blistering winds in the winter

Release the fire and pen at your brain with the Kimber

It's target practice for you novice rappers

Guaranteed to leave 'em slumped when I dump the automatic

Amityville with the mic handling skills

Can chew through turnbuckles like George Animal Steele

# I Am the Chaos by Vinnie Paz

[Intro]

Who the fuck is you?

Yeah, Pistolero Pazienza

Know what I mean

Who the fuck is you?

Yeah, I'm headhunting

We walk this dog, let 'em breathe

Who the fuck is you?

[Verse 1: Vinnie Paz]

I set this motherfucker off like I'm a Bolshevik

I hold the toaster grip, reduce the choir to a soloist

Unload the clip and leave a hole in shit the size of a boulder is

Patrol the vulture pit, I'm leaving Marx in 'em like socialists

It is the moment that you realize you're just not a vocalist

The coldest [ocean grip] is as close to it as [cold] Milošević

A male chauvinist, you can cross it off of your grocery list

You're holding swollen ribs, I'm beholding the olden coke

And the dope is odorless, getting hold of it kinda onerous

We all felonious, I got dogs, and homie they Dobermans

We noblemen, it's oxygen, hemoglobin in arteries

So close your lips, Akhi, the shotty will leave you frozen stiff

I blow the fifth, homie, the hole the size of a poker chip

The yopper ownership, just another level of showmanship

I have the show up in me, you jokers getting the bulk of it

And hit his lower limbs, now it's closure homie, it's over with

[Chorus: Vinnie Paz]

Fuck out the way, pa, I'm coming through

I'm Vinnie P, doggy, who the fuck is you?

Pussy, who the fuck is you?

Come on, who the fuck is you?

Who the fuck is you?

Who the fuck is you?

Fuck out my way, papa, I'm coming through

I'm Vinnie P, doggy, who the fuck is you?

Pussy, who the fuck is you?

Come on, who the fuck is you?

Who the fuck is you?

Come on, who the fuck is you?

[Verse 2: Vinnie Paz]

I'm Pistolero Pazzo, so every chopper reliable

The brujeria banger, the murders is justifiable

It's headshots, homie, the body identifiable

The body parts intact but the face is unrecognizable

The weaponry is sizable, all of it modifiable

The doctor told my mother her child is certifiable

This Gucci lamb leather is terra, homie it's dye-able

Serial number off, money, they ain't classifiable

It's way too cold and the temperature ain't survivable

These hollow points, homie, the horror is indescribable

They think that I'm maniacal, mercenaries is glamorous

The Desert Eagle ain't even deadly, homie, it's cancerous

The rhyme annihilation, obliteration calamitous

I took a vote to see if you pussy, it was unanimous

A motherfucking son of an emperor, I'm Britannicus

The temple of a riot, the mind of a psychoanalyst

[Chorus: Vinnie Paz]

Fuck out the way, pa, I'm coming through

I'm Vinnie P, doggy, who the fuck is you?

Pussy, who the fuck is you?

Come on, who the fuck is you?

Who the fuck is you?

Who the fuck is you?

Fuck out my way papa, I'm coming through

I'm Vinnie P doggy, who the fuck is you?

Pussy, who the fuck is you?

Come on, who the fuck is you?

Who the fuck is you?

Come on, who the fuck is you?

[Outro]

Who the fuck is you?

Who the fuck is you?

Who the fuck is you?

Who the fuck is you?

# Mabuhay Gardens by Vinnie Paz

Vinnie Paz

Mabuhay Gardens

[Intro: Vinnie Paz]

Yeah, yeah

Yeah, one-two

[Verse 1: Vinnie Paz]

This Kalashnikov, dead air, Wolverine silencer  
Leave your body full of blood clots like an islander  
The Springfield armory is long like a kilometer  
The Koenigsegg Agera had the craziest odometer  
This young boy spillin' blood here on the hood block  
Papi like to cook rock, Joni missed Woodstock  
He headed uptown and he lookin' for Mantequilla  
This muhfucka's talkin', it sound like a Santeria  
I got a plug, but he kinda weird  
I be with my ahkis and they all have Lou Albano beards  
Everything marble, and Joselyn Grand Chandeliers  
This is ammunition and it's Pancho Villa Bandoliers  
We gon' put the squeeze on the work, it's a known leverage  
This Four-Five gon' hit the spot like a cold beverage  
The strap ravaging, it look like roux  
Gimme room muhfucka, lemme cook my food, toma!

[Hook: Block McCloud]

Man the only thing I know for sure is that we're gonna die  
You know that nothing's guaranteed  
Except that we will rest in peace  
So until that day I go to war and sing your lullaby  
And I will rock your head to sleep, 'til I fulfill my destiny

[Verse 2: Vinnie Paz]

Yeah, this the season of smoke  
And the uniform density the reason it float  
Y'all awoken a sleeping giant, now the demon invoked  
Allah's the most merciful, the beacon of hope  
This a land strike weapon, I will launch harpoons



While y'all dummies eatin' cereal and watch cartoons  
I will go upside your head like Vidal Sassoon  
I will blow the infrared, I will call my goons  
He a bitch, bein' bitch is the reason that he snitch  
Blow a muhfucka wig, Season of the Witch  
So high, look like we Korean from the piff  
The hole I'm diggin' for you much deeper than a ditch  
This G-22 and it burn like it shit liquor  
Now ay'body dead and his family sit shiver  
You pump fakin' akhi, listen, I ain't feelin' none of that  
And death real homie, you can never get your brother back

[Hook: Block McCloud]

Man the only thing I know for sure is that we're gonna die  
You know that nothing's guaranteed  
Except that we will rest in peace  
So until that day I go to war and sing your lullaby  
And I will rock your head to sleep, 'til I fulfill my destiny

# The Conjuring by Vinnie Paz

[Intro: Vinnie Paz]

Yeah – Yeah

Alright, yeah

[Verse 1: Vinnie Paz]

The prime directive is the connection to the Andromedans  
I'm washed in the blood of the lamb and all of its vitamins  
The sheep stray, that was the fate of David and Solomon  
The alpha-draconian sacred ages of Ottoman  
The King Cobra .357 will disembody 'em  
Constantinople, Monasticism, Masasi men  
Allah is All Powerful, Alhamdulillah sovereign  
Copper based blood from a binary solo monument  
Geneticists and other biologists start an argument  
Breakthrough in spiritual consciousness wasn't opulent  
Life was only real if the common creator authored it  
The war in Heaven all of the seven honored the armament  
Parasitic astral deities inform the occupants  
Them headshots is comin' for the top like it's a condiment  
The law of one, Ra, channeling, challenging continents  
Physical death, mystical breath, it's found in the documents

[Chorus: Vinnie Paz]

It's the earth, it's the moon, it's the stars  
It's the word, it's the drums, it's the bars  
It's the war, it's the blood, it's the scars  
I'm the conjurer, I'm the conjurer  
It's the earth, it's the moon, it's the stars  
It's the word, it's the drums, it's the bars  
It's the war, it's the blood, it's the scars  
I'm the conjurer, I'm the conjurer

[Verse 2: Vinnie Paz]

Divide and conquer, grand strategy of the Reptilians  
Witches and Warlocks congregate in the pavilion  
Fundamental and coded bases for the civilians  
I took the shotty and dug the bodies, it's in the millions  
UFO's in the aboriginal Brazilians

Locust plague genetic sequence of Insectilians  
The satanic rituals, circus is Picadilian  
The voice of Revelation, atomic lighters from Lilian  
You don't want a war, you'll be warrin' with the Sicilians  
Kiss the ring, Vinnie the King like he Arthur Williams  
The man from Planet Risk, he saw an ominous orb there  
The double-cross system, the psychological warfare  
Malevolent extraterrestrials is in my crosshair  
Forty-six chromosomes, two forever gone there  
Came from Mesopotamia, chemicals were restored there  
The Rothschilds of London, the Babylonian blood there

[Chorus: Vinnie Paz]

It's the earth, it's the moon, it's the stars  
It's the word, it's the drums, it's the bars  
It's the war, it's the blood, it's the scars  
I'm the conjurer, I'm the conjurer  
It's the earth, it's the moon, it's the stars  
It's the word, it's the drums, it's the bars  
It's the war, it's the blood, it's the scars  
I'm the conjurer, I'm the conjurer

# The Black Hand by Vinnie Paz

[Intro]

(Sample)

[Chorus: Vinnie Paz]

Me not gwan lie

Every pussy man gwan die

Every batiman gwan die

Every batiman gwan die

[Verse 1: Vinnie Paz]

I ain't chasin' nothin' homie so just gimme the bag

Bullets travel at the speed of Thor get hit with the mag

You can fuck around, lay around, you can get dragged

I will bomb on motherfuckers like I'm hittin' the tag

This a death wish homie, y'all are liable to die

This is Hammurabi Code, this a eye for an eye

I can see inside where his ideology lie

You supposed to supply workers if you got the supply

Divine retribution, pa, fire and brimstone

It's a trench knife dagger and it made from a shinbone

Tubular bells ring tone

The Mossberg flex make a change to your skin tone

There's nothin' changin' everything is carved into stone

I will cook 'em till the meat falls off of the bone

What's your life like, akhi? You just sat in the fray

And I'm stayin' in the hood like an African braid

Batiman

[Chorus: Vinnie Paz]

Me not gwan lie

Every pussy man gwan die

Every batiman gwan die

Every batiman gwan die

[Verse 2: Demoz]

Hey yo, hey yo

Last call house send them shots at you like bartenders

Blow your brain out of the window over the car fender

I'm used to hearin' shit like "trust me, n\*\*\*a we got you"

Same pussy you trust, same pussy that shot you  
Fake hand shakes, phoney hugs and all the smirkin'  
Never trust a n\*\*\*a around you that's never workin'  
Down to his last couple dollars, he gettin' nervous  
Rob you then get killed for it, it wasn't worth it  
Bitches sleep with you then sleep with your best friend  
I don't follow none of you dudes I set trends  
I ain't tryin' to tell you shit I'm tryin' to show you  
Keep your eyes close on the motherfuckers that owe you  
You will catch a bullet the same minute you jack me  
I don't play the shotgun n\*\*\*a I want the back seat  
I'm from a place where they'll rob you if you got bread  
And clean-cut n\*\*\*as be grimier than a mob-head  
Moz

[Chorus: Vinnie Paz]

Me not gwan lie  
Every pussy man gwan die  
Every batiman gwan die  
Every batiman gwan die

# Mock Up on Mu by Vinnie Paz

[Intro: Sample]

Spare us the shame of being killed by a boy!  
Kings must be killed by kings!  
Hahahahaa! A fine king you'd make!  
A king who can't even kill his enemy!  
And has to ask others to do it for him!  
Even on a battlefield! Hahahahhahaaa! Hahaha!  
(Crowds cheer)

[Chorus: Method Man Sample]

No n-no competition to the shit we got here  
The real shit, terror to ya ear, kill the fear  
Got the Glock, got the Glock, got got the Glock  
To ya headpiece, what!  
No n-no noo- competition to the shit we got here  
The real shit, terror to ya ear, kill the fear  
Kill the fear, kill the fear  
Got the Glock to ya headpiece, what, what, what  
What

[Verse 1: Vinnie Paz]

I got the blick of the wild gunman  
Sit the fuck down, it was never about nothin'  
Jack Paar's espionage of a loud dungeon  
Little (Nub Millah) was talkin' about pumpin'  
Being a sinner became painful  
It's clear revelations that came as a strange angel  
My brother is my brother we came from the same cradle  
These ain't mink, (bahna) these made from a gray sable  
I ain't the motherfucker you should box with  
We can take it to the guns, homie this a chopstick  
Put the muhfucka in your mouth like it's a swab stick  
Bring the box-cutter in the muhfuckin' cockpit  
Play (Entiro Roja) till the day break  
I can never be a dollar short or a day late  
The SIG Sauer P320 is my namesake  
The bullet has so much kinetic energy the wave break

[Chorus: Method Man Sample] (x2)

No competition to the shit we got here  
The real shit, terror to ya ear, kill the fear  
Got the Glock, got the Glock to ya headpiece, what

[Verse 2: Vinnie Paz]

This the reckoning here  
This is napalm, that's the smell of death in the air  
You want bomboclaat war then the weapons appear  
I'm the CD don, squeaky frog and mescaline heir  
The Sunnah of the Prophet, that's the actual fact  
You think talkin' to one-time is a natural act  
You see talkin' to one-time that's a vaginal act  
I went to Pet Sematary now the animal back  
We burnin' sage, we the Northern Arapaho  
My heart black homie and it's colder than gazpacho  
It's a hail of bullets comin' better get yourself a poncho  
Bandana low on my eyes like I'm a chicano  
I don't look at homie as a rival, he a custy  
He stink like patchouli his entirety is dusty  
Put a fatwah on his head like he Rushdie  
Me and you is like puttin' a shark against a guppy

[Chorus: Method Man Sample] (x2)

No competition to the shit we got here  
The real shit, terror to ya ear, kill the fear  
Got the Glock to ya headpiece, what

# Ankle Bracelets by Vinnie Paz

Vinnie Paz

Ankle Bracelets

[Intro: Vinnie Paz]

Yeah

It's ankle bracelets, nahmean?

They got bracelets on my ankles, pa

Nahmean?

Yeah, look

[Verse 1]

See, I'm not committed, mommy, that's the way that it is

I be in my own space and I stay in my biz

It ain't nothing new, mama, I been sayin' for years

All y'all do is stay stressin' me and greyin' my hairs

It's not about fears and it's not responsibility

It's not about my father and it's not compatibility

Y'all are God's curse ma, Eve ate the apple

And y'all ain't gon' convince me that monogamy is natural

I ain't tryna talk to somebody who irrational

And who the fuck is you to try to take me from my castle?

It ain't about maturity, it ain't no little boy shit

Just save the psychoanalyzing me and all the Freud shit

And I don't think it's bugged out to wanna be alone

And I be all up in the crib and wanna be at home

And not have somebody bein' all up in my phone

And I ain't lying to you, I'm just lettin' it be known

[Chorus: Vinnie Paz and Queen Herawin]

That you ain't really ready, ready

Ready ain't the way to put it

Ain't trying to go steady, steady

Shit, I'd rather eat a bullet

Still want the head steady, steady

You goddamn right. I do

You swear I'm being petty, petty?

I ain't tryna spend my life with you



How long we gonna do this stuff?  
As long as I fuckin' wanna  
You think I'm stressin' you for dough  
I don't really want the drama  
Just want to make us a home  
You actin' like my enemy  
But fuck it then just be alone  
Maybe that's the way it's meant to be

[Verse 2]

See, I don't feel lonely, ma, I would never settle  
And I ain't got the time for bein' monkey in the middle  
Y'all behave like an enigma, wrapped inside a riddle  
And y'all don't bring shit to the table that's beneficial  
Make yourself useful and carry the fuckin' pistol  
But you don't wanna do nothing that's seen as sacrificial  
You think that you industrious and that's the fuckin' issue  
Men are different, women all alike, that's official  
Salah, Marciano, my Mama and then it's over  
So find yourself a soy boy, beta and a chauffeur  
I ain't gon' be tourin' while you laying on the sofa  
Wifey up a thot cause you thinkin' they can mold her  
I'm cut from a different cloth, papa was a G  
And papa told me loyalty and honor is the key  
And y'all don't have neither one of them, so skedaddle  
Feel some type of way, tryna blame it on the pharaoh

[Chorus: Vinnie Paz and Queen Herawin]

That you ain't really ready, ready  
Ready ain't the way to put it  
Ain't trying to go steady, steady  
Shit, I'd rather eat a bullet  
Still want the head steady, steady  
You goddamn right. I do  
You swear I'm being petty, petty?  
I ain't tryna spend my life with you  
How long we gonna do this stuff?  
As long as I fuckin' wanna  
You think I'm stressin' you for dough  
I don't really want the drama  
Just want to make us a home

You actin' like my enemy

But fuck it then just be alone

Maybe that's the way it's meant to be

[Outro: Vinnie Paz, Queen Herawin]

HAHA! Steady wantin' the head [?]

Nahmean? Me? Word. Please, I got my own money

Papapapapapapaaa

Papapapapapapaaa

# The Compleat Witch by Vinnie Paz

Vinnie Paz

The Compleat Witch

[Intro]

Ex-childs of Light, listen close, and listen clear!

You cannot stop me now, the seven points have come together! The Third Star has merged

For 18 days you have tortured me, as of now!

Don't you realize that any other mortal man would have fallen to you by now?! And every day -- my power!  
-- mhhh - fills!

But your power gets darkened and darker

[Verse 1: Nowaah The Flood]

No chill in power hill with the pill press

Crackin' seals for a little zest pack still fresh

Drop the address all access

In the flesh Moroccan Hashish, them gases

Spin on badges, little bastards off acid, asterisk

The world's wocky, got the choppy off Akhi in the lobby

Leavin' my auntie at the ristorante, with a joint lookin' like Ashanti

Dipped on the cotty, paint the town like Dondi

Skipped on the bounty

A hundred miles and countin' aware of my surroundings

Since a fountain out of housing my physicals will doubt you

Enemies befriend you wicked bitches end you

So I keep my favorite utensil, put two in your Kenzo

You and your kin too, it's simple, n\*\*\*as'll sin you

[Verse 2: Vinnie Paz]

It's crazy when the Benelli fires

It'll stick you to the street like it's Pirelli tires

We count money, ahki you can't sneak a penny by us

My ahkis on they deen, homie plenty pious

Adoration of The Magi by Botticelli

One day at a time, Valerie Bertinelli

Rhyme is intricate designs, Elsa Schiaparelli

These 32 bullets is longer than Vermicelli

We was dumb high singin' Guantanamera

While I watched Cordillera with mi abuela  
Ten times outta ten cowards'll lose  
You a vic and I had you comin' outta your shoes  
You was insecure homie, you was lonely inside  
You ain't got nobody, you ain't got no homies to ride  
This a bloodbath over here, furious wars  
It's banana clips everywhere, Curious George  
Batiman!  
Hijo de puta!  
[Outro]  
I can't take twelve more days of torture!  
Because if I do, then the pit of Purple Haze will come  
You talk about me being off the mainstream  
I see you carry the Old Egyptian ways around your finger  
Haha - Haha - Hahaa - Hah

# Lyrics.lol :: Hannibal by Vinnie Paz

[Intro]

Yeah

Come on

Yeah, look

Polo Pazy, come on

[Verse 1: Vinnie Paz]

These bullets is like mosquitoes

I put the clip in and they get to spittin' like they the Migos

Descend with Don Quixote in Cueva de Montesinos

These bullets burn, ahki, they hotter than jalapeños

He wonder what he did to his man

This fool motherfucker comin' out the tinted Sedan

I had to end it all so I could just see where it began

This a five piece Kimono like I live in Japan

Allah is the All Sufficient and for that I'm relieved

Y'all are disobeying God, pa, Adam and Eve

This a P380 comin' out of my sleeve

The merciful Lord of mercy that's a lot of reprieve

I'm a Don, you a battiman, y'all can see the differences

My name ring bells and y'all ain't got no significance

A baccarat crystal and it's over the stairs

And why's you still talkin' homie? Nobody cares, yeah

[Chorus: Vinnie Paz]

Them pop-out boys got the drop on 'em (huh!)

This infrared beam put the dots on 'em (huh!)

That's my motherfuckin' akh and I rock for 'em

Ay'body hit the fuckin' deck when them Glock's drawn

Them pop-out boys got the drop on 'em (huh!)

This infrared beam put the dots on 'em (huh!)

That's my motherfuckin' akh and I rock for 'em

Ay'body hit the fuckin' deck when them Glock's drawn

[Verse 2: Vinnie Paz]

Y'all be fuckin' 'round with one-times

Choppers laid out, that's a muhfuckin' drum line

I got goons on the muhfuckin' front line

There's warriors and silver-back gorillas in my bloodline  
There's devils movin' everywhere, muhfuckers shape-shift  
The gem star gonna get his battiman a face lift (Ooo oo ah ah)  
His skin hangin' off, blood drippin' from the blade tip  
AK's, banana clips have me goin' ape shit  
Your head is over the mantle  
And you don't know nothin' and knowin' is half the battle  
So pull up on me if you want 'em to die  
His body's that's in the ocean and the son's in the sky  
You a Kafir and a Kafir is a thing I denounce  
Here's a free shot for you homie, drinks on the house  
It's two horses pullin' me, I'm chillin' in the barouche  
It's a bullet with your name on it big as a mouse  
Toma!

[Chorus: Vinnie Paz] (x2)

Them bye-bye boys got the drop on 'em (huh!)  
This infrared beam put the dots on 'em (huh!)  
That's my motherfuckin' ahk and I rock for 'em  
Ay'body hit the fuckin' deck when them Glock's drawn

# Sicilian Bull by Vinnie Paz

[Intro: Vinnie Paz]

Yeah, yeah, one-two!

Yeah, yeah, one-two! Haha!

Yeah, Papo Andy forever!

A'ight -- Yeah!

[Verse 1: Vinnie Paz]

You don't want Vinnie to pop the trunk 'cause it's under there

The snakes is venomous so be wary what's in the jungle here

It's Unga-Bunga's here, you'll be trapped inside of a bunker here

You in the gutter where you'll be pissin' inside your underwear

You suddenly become aware of all of the blood that's here

Shovels here, Coco liquor up inside the Tupperware

We makin' supper here, take your Wallys and your other pairs

It's undercovers there, and a couple of drunken Russians there

A tons of guns appear, and it's cartridges in abundance here

It's mafuckas armed to the teeth it's like we the Bundeswehr

We took a tunnel there, to the sewer it wasn't traceable

The blicky go up under your chin and blow out your nasal roof

The best hustle, the neck muscles is like a Saber tooth

The Tec touch you, the TEC cut through while we raise your roof

We standin' on the top of Olympus, what did you say to Zeus?

The body count pilin', we wildin', it's not debatable, yeah!

[Chorus: Samples]

My commission, sit at the table like the last supper, fucker

We unholy, sharp razor, full bloodied money maker

Where ever we at, we keep the blicks right there

My commission, sit at the table like the last supper, fucker

We unholy, sharp razor, full bloodied money maker

Where ever we at, we keep the blicks right there

[Verse 2: Vinnie Paz]

This a Gucci satchel, ahki, it's made from a fuckin' alligator

Frank Sheeran shooters'll murk and suck on a Now & Later

Take a pile of data, distribute it to the allocator

Runnin' foul on nature laboratories and calibrators

Sawed shotty got a nickname and it's The Evaporator

Take it back to pages and El Dorado's and activators  
My collaborators is piled inside of an abdicator  
He don't wanna brawl, he don't want a war, he a trap devador  
Trips down south and we goin' down to Atlanta later  
Needles and a bone saw, homie I'm the reanimator  
Parody young powerful socca pan updater  
Yoppa drain ya bodily fluids like it's an aspirator  
Thoughts is all deadly, they desecratin' the scrap of paper  
Agitator, shotty will spin him like he a barrel maker  
Fortress roll-by's reactivated eradicator  
Pistol Gang pop 'em and drop 'em in the volcanic crater  
Yeah!

[Chorus: Samples]

My commission, sit at the table like the last supper, fucker  
We unholy, sharp razor, full bloodied money maker  
Whereever we at, we keep the blicks right there  
My commission, sit at the table like the last supper, fucker  
We unholy, sharp razor, full bloodied money maker  
Where ever we at, we keep the blicks right there



# Cero Miedo by Vinnie Paz

[Intro]

Yeah, more lower

Yeah, one-two, more lower

One-two, yeah, look, yeah

[Verse 1]

Yeah, this dummy ask if she can touch the jewelry

Get out my mitt, your man is actin' like a fuckin' stoolie

Bury me in the golden urn I'm The Last Tamuli

Y'all don't really want the fuckin' drama this is not kabuki

I squash fifty-seven y'all while playin' racquetball

Maybe y'all is playin' Dragon Ball and sniffin' Adderall

The cuete little but it splash 'em like a cannonball

Sanskrit and Mushika Dynasty it canon, all

You playin' by the basement while I play the corner

I like a massive body count and have my things in order

I rob Peter to pay Paul just to pay the pauper

I have my Jewish lawyer there so he could gauge the offer

A semi Costa Rican shooter out to plug the hellion

The mic in my face outside the court like Doug Llewelyn

You tryna go to war with somebody who Machiavellian

You tryna to go to war with someone who a black Sicilian

[Chorus: Vinnie Paz]

Shots gon' fly-y-y

Ya better get lo-o-ow

Ya wanna ask why-y-y

Ya mama cry no-o-o (Woo!)

Shots gon' fly-y-y

Ya better get lo-o-ow

Ya wanna ask why-y-y

Ya mama cry no-o-o (Woo!)

[Verse 2]

Yeah, look, yeah

Divine hands serve the blind man like Lazarillo

Shells coverin' his body like an armadillo

I got some Salvatrucha bangin' out in Amarillo

It's hard to grasp, ahki, why you tryin' to palm a minnow?  
I'll have my lawyer eat the case like he was Bob Shapiro  
The ox bloody, it'll cut you like a Masahiro  
Goretex military—how we rock apparel  
This a murder archetype that's why I shot the sparrow  
We ain't the same, ahki, we a different cell type  
Goofy's gon' fall for the banana in the tailpipe  
Doing 2301 is how you earn your jail stripes  
I can smell a rat and muhfucka you don't smell right  
Them jack boys lookin' sloppy tryna retire Papi  
'Cause motherfuckers here before you like Passamaquoddy  
Every bar is animated like it's Miyazaki  
Whatever live inside the body die inside the body  
Toma!

[Chorus: Vinnie Paz]

Shots gon' fly-y-y (Hahahahaha)  
Ya better get lo-o-ow (Hijo de puta)  
Ya wanna ask why-y-y (Yeah! Stallone, salute)  
Ya mama cry no-o-o (Woo!) (Chinaski Black, salute)  
Shots gon' fly-y-y  
Ya better get lo-o-ow  
Ya wanna ask why-y-y  
Ya mama cry no-o-o (Woo!)

# Spilled Milk by Vinnie Paz

[Verse 1: Vinnie Paz]

My papa was my hero, I was always by his side  
And when I acted out of pocket, he would always let it slide  
I can't say all the time, I took a couple L's  
He went upside my head when I was putting him through hell  
His first heart attack, I was 6 years old  
They ain't let me near the hospital, that shit too cold  
So I waited by the door hoping he would get home  
And I was scared that he would die and we'd be left all alone  
And I remember that when mommy brought you home, I was quiet  
Showing you the things around the crib like you forgot 'em  
The doctors told me you would be good if you would chill  
So stop smoking stogies, pop, you know they make you ill  
But you ain't want to listen, you was always being stubborn  
And that's the type of shit you let slide when you love 'em  
You ain't changed your diet and you stayed smoking Winston's  
You can't make a strong-willed man change his vision  
Sometimes you think something is when it isn't  
He was gonna die and that was his decision  
I could never do the same in his condition  
He left three sons and a wife in that position

[Hook: Eamon]

The ones we hurt when we leave  
The lies we live and believe  
You got to learn to step up  
And be the man that they trust

[Verse 2: Vinnie Paz]

Ten years old, they telling me that my father dead  
What the fuck was going through my father head?  
He ain't think his youngest need his father?  
Had a million chances to change but didn't bother?  
It's like he ain't love me enough to live  
Or too selfish to make an adjustment for his kids  
And you ain't think you dying would divide us?  
And you ain't think a ten-year-old boy needed guidance?  
Ain't nobody talking, just bottle it up inside us

And shit could turn ugly when there's no one there to guide us  
It's all good, I still love you, I forgive you  
But that ain't gon' be something my son is gonna live through  
He ain't gonna lose me the way I lost you  
'Cause doing that to him is just something I couldn't do  
I had to change the way I was living 'cause I was you  
The same hard head and the same world view  
I had to do a 180 and get my shit together  
When you a mess, pop, it's hard to get your shit together  
But I ain't living for myself now, it's all for him  
And I'm trying to be everything that you should have been

[Hook: Eamon]

The ones we hurt when we leave (Oooh)  
The lies we live and believe (Oh the lies)  
You got to learn to step up (You gooooot to do it)  
And be the man that they trust (I got to be the maaan now)  
The ones we hurt when we leave (Ooh yea)  
The lies we live and believe (You gooooot to live it)  
You got to learn to step up (Oooh you got to do)  
And be the man that they trust

# Vahid Moradi by Vinnie Paz

[Sample: Adja Pekkan]

Kimler Geldi Kimler Geçti

[Intro: Vinnie Paz]

Yeah

One-two

Yeah, look

[Verse 1: Vinnie Paz]

Phantom of Death, killing spree, Robert Dominicci

Apollo themed pan described at the maharishi

Yeah I'mma eat you all, pa, Kazuo Nakanishi

Mafuckers high from the smoke from atop the TV

The plug had a shorty who's drapin' a Tenvalin

Nuno Bettencourt was jealous of Van Halen

I separate the English from a Dutch

It's heavy ahki, like Rollins, singer for The Ruts

We drape around laundrerings, ponderers, Clark Wallabees

Baby food motherfuckers cryin' like they colicky

The heron formula evolved under the Isosceles

Mafuckers gonna bring the drama, Aristophanes

There's five-fifties in the back of the Porsche

Nothin' happens without the action of force

Black Bannerz make dua at the Ka'bah

The Vanguard of Islam is the Sahaba

Yeah

[Chorus: Rigz & Vinnie Paz]

I look the Devil in the eye like a Reaper

Yeah -- I look the Devil in the eye like the Reaper

Like, chea - I look the Devil in the eye like a Reaper

Yeah, no doubt, no doubt, yeah

I look the Devil in the eye like the Reaper

[Verse 2: Rigz]

Yeah, yo, hey yo, I'm fresh out the sign that drinkin'

If you scared of Socrates

Shorty bury the dumb body

I don't care who you align with

Read my mind man a palace in Ghana don't intervene  
Hit his mouth up with the teeth everybody scream (shut the fuck up)  
Bein' in this hell so long it's hard to dream (it's hard y'all)  
A rat that got loyalty and I'm a never seen  
For my family please I hands you knees you's different  
Might as well swallow this anti-freeze (might as well)  
I know a smoker who was after it once  
Reduced to a shit smell, crush and crack in his blunts  
My aim terrific I'm angular with it  
Chasin' you know, ya crib, yo I'm takin' you in it  
Best part of y'all song is the part where I skip it  
I rip n\*\*\*as apart who only partially gifted  
Yeah, stupid, me and Paz won't budge  
The Devil, I stared in his eyes, he was a judge  
[Chorus: Rigz & Vinnie Paz]  
I look the Devil in the eye like a Reaper  
Yeah, yo Rigz - I look the Devil in the eye like the Reaper  
Like, chea - I look the Devil in the eye like a Reaper  
Yeah, no doubt, no doubt, yeah  
I look the Devil in the eye like the Reaper  
Heh-heh-heh  
  
[Outro]  
(Sample)

# I'll Buy All the Uranium You've Got by Vinnie Paz

Vinnie Paz

I'll Buy All the Uranium You've Got

Yeah, one-two!

Yeah, yeah, one-two!

Yeah! Yeah!

One-two!

Papo Andy forever!

Look, yeah

[Verse 1: Vinnie Paz]

This a wild guess homie, this a shot in the dark

You like baby food, just another walk in the park

This philosophy I walk into a Mosque with Descartes

This is Jeffrey Dahmer '89, fork in the heart

This Magnum ain't eat in a while, see the Cal hungry

It's why I got my hand in my drawers like I'm Al Bundy

A lotta y'all know that you stolen ya style from me

You can't duplicate what I did and you wild bummy

What you know about your man being down?

Doing eighteen bullets you ain't have him around

We clappin' this like you wearin' a cap and a gown

The hatches is wide open better battin' 'em down

You try to go to war with the man

You muhfuckas 'bout to ride in the coroner van

This a mind eraser, you can take a shot of this booze

I'm a king, you a pawn, y'all must got me confused, stupid

[Chorus: Block McCloud]

Oh no, please don't confuse me (Oh no)

Pistol packin' thought you knew me, oh wee

I got them drugs, I got them guns, I'm not the one

Oh no, please don't confuse me (Oh no)

Pistol packin' thought you knew me, oh wee

I got them drugs, I got them guns, I'm not the one

[Verse 2: Vinnie Paz]

Yeah, all these weapons like my road dog

Always got the .40 on me, ahki, I'm like O-Dog  
Anything you think is yours, money, I will bogart  
When you hear the seven trumpets blowin' that's a prologue  
I ain't have a dime life was shitty and cruel  
So I learned that when you hungry you ain't picky with food  
Now I'm smokin' outta sittin' like a didgeridoo  
This a Glock .27 and it's Tiffany Blue  
And it's nothing anyone of y'all could do to compete  
Heavenly Father I thank you for the food that we eat  
I get money ahki, I be in the payday trance  
This dummy duckin' shots look like it's the Nae-Nae dance  
At the Time Warner Penthouse, meet me in the Mezzanine  
Styrofoam cups, orange soda and promethazine  
The type to bring the gas to the fire, this is kerosene  
Vinnie nice destroy your fucking life like methamphetamine

[Chorus: Block McCloud]

Oh no, please don't confuse me (Oh no)  
Pistol packin' thought you knew me, oh wee  
I got them drugs, I got them guns, I'm not the one  
Oh no, please don't confuse me (Oh no)  
Pistol packin' thought you knew me, oh wee  
I got them drugs, I got them guns, I'm not the one



# Doomsday Machine by Vinnie Paz

Vinnie Paz

Doomsday Machine

[Intro: Vinnie Paz]

Yeah! Come on, pa, I'm cut from a different cloth!

Y'know what I'm sayin' I'm cut from a different cloth than y'all mafuckas! (ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta!)

Y'know mean?

Papo Andy foreva!

Yeah, come on

Yeah

[Verse 1: Vinnie Paz]

I told you, you should learn from mistakes

I will violate a motherfucker, personal space

This a CarboTech, come with a submersible case

At the sound of the demon bell, merciful fate

All we do is rock low symbols, turbans and weight

I watch Musa be a father, give a sermon to Leif

This a cloak and dagger operation, turn to the safe

Have his physical return to an invertible place

First and foremost is my ahki

Playin' with ya life, rollin' dice like Monopoly

Brothers overseas givin' Dawah talkin' cocky

Don't ask me 'bout nobody my relationships is Rocky

I scribe thoughts pa, I'm like Miguel de Unamuno

Catch ya homie walk away like Claus Von Bulow

It's an undefeated record, ahki, look at the stats

You was broke down ass betting look at the facts, stupid

[Chorus: Vinnie Paz & Demoz]

Trigger pon cocked, that's a headshot

It's fiends out here, Zombieland, that's a dead fly

You better fly away

You better get away Get away n\*\*\*a

Trigger pon cocked, that's a headshot

It's fiends out here, ahki that's a dead fly

You better fly awa-a-a-ayy

You better get awa-a-a-ayy Get away n\*\*\*a

[Verse 2: Vast Aire]

When Paz is done with your body  
He sends 'em to Vas to rock 'em, freak form box 'em  
This ain't a Christmas stocking  
It's the Last Mohican that keeps the burner in his Moccasin  
Smoke signals, we got loud  
Gunner air mysterious, beyond clouds  
Never seen before  
But once I reveal myself, it'll start the Secret War  
The mind trick of cannibal, I'm like Hannibal  
Having dinner with the doctor at the festival  
At the end of the movie, tell the cops it wasn't me  
I was chillin' with Suzy  
It's Vast Aire, the Sith Lord  
I won't hesitate to pinch your wind cord  
Everybody's wondering like how  
New Millennium, blowing up like Lando

[Chorus: Vinnie Paz & Demoz]

Trigger pon cocked, that's a headshot  
It's fiends out here, Zombieland, that's a dead fly  
You better fly away  
You better get away Get away n\*\*\*a  
Trigger pon cocked, that's a headshot  
It's fiends out here, ahki that's a dead fly  
You better fly awa-a-a-ayy  
You better get awa-a-a-ayy Get away n\*\*\*a

[Verse 3: Demoz]

I remember I was broke, scramblin' so I could smoke  
No joke, I was livin' like an addict sniffin' dope  
In the attic doing coke with a addict gettin' throat  
Like a savage, but I'm not an savage, n\*\*\*a I'm the GOAT  
Yes the greatest, you the fakest, it's sad the shit I wrote  
Could have dropped a thousand albums, Scott, they glad I never spoke  
But I'm speakin' now, and I'm spittin' ether now  
Catch you like I catch a dutch, smoke you like the reefer now  
Pussy ass n\*\*\*as in the game like it's Easter now  
I'm in all black, weapon on me like the Reaper now  
I ain't come to sell my soul, I kept it like a prenup  
Bitch you sold your soul now you tryna get a refund

Hey Mr. Critic you created a monster, in my head  
I'm a double entendre, am I dead?  
Please let me know 'cause I'm feelin' like a ghost  
They can't see me like Stevie but they feelin' what I wrote  
[Chorus: Vinnie Paz & Demoz]  
Trigger pon cocked, that's a headshot  
It's fiends out here, Zombieland, that's a dead fly  
You better fly away  
You better get away Get away n\*\*\*a  
Trigger pon cocked, that's a headshot  
It's fiends out here, ahki that's a dead fly  
You better fly awa-a-a-ayy  
You better get awa-a-a-ayy Get away n\*\*\*a

# Serve the Creator by Vinnie Paz

Vinnie Paz

Serve the Creator

[Verse 1: Recognize Ali]

Yeah! Recognize, mafuckas

These razor blades is sharper than the metal bar (wraah)

How you jello forms fuckin' with the ghetto god (huh)

I let the cannon roar, doggy get your melon mauled

You scared of war

Bring the pain I swear I split that pan in two (hahaha)

I need me in the flesh, walking up from the wave (yeah)

Like Afro Samurai the way I live by the blade

The criminal kind, n\*\*\*\*as get clapped for they cake (ba-ba-ba-ba)

Half of 'em fake, I don't hear kings and treat 'em like slaves

Exotic tools (yeah) Shooters from Kalamazoo

Had to let a beast such as myself out of the zoo (uhuh)

You n\*\*\*\*as cute, I blast a bitch in and out of your crew (brrrr!)

So disrespectful partner I known to piss on you fools

A hustler in the streets, in the booth I'm a animal (y'know that)

I spit that fire water and the flow's highly inflammable (facts)

Seven Star General, the third war Hannibal

This hammer though, will leave a hole in your cantaloupe

(to-to-to-to-to) Word, to this game I'm a Pharaoh (yeah)

They say to make it big I gotta make a deal with the devil (nah, fuck that)

Get right, this industry is a fraud (yeah)

They only want 'em to ghost yeah and with us Allah (Alhamdulillah) (Praise be to God)

Yeah! I'm choppin' diamonds like a jeweler

Smoke the Buddha, sip a Nannavoola, I'm a fool-a

Yeah! Motherfuckers

[Verse 2: Vinnie Paz]

Yeah...

This a wild guess homie, this a shot in the dark

You like baby food, just another walk in the park

This philosophy I walk into a Mosque with Descartes

This is Jeffrey Dahmer '89, fork in the heart

This Magnum ain't eat in a while, see the .cal hungry

That's why I got my hand in my drawers like I'm Al Bundy  
A lot of y'all know that you stolen ya' style from me  
You can't duplicate what I did and you wild bummy  
What you know about your man being down?  
Doing eighteen bullets you ain't have him around  
We clappin' this like you wearin' a cap and a gown  
The hatches is wide open better battin' 'em down  
You tryin' to go to war with the man  
You mafuckas 'bout to ride in the coroner van  
This a mind ripper, you can take a shot of this booze  
I'm a king, you a pawn, y'all must got me confused  
Batiman!

# The Gone-Away World by Vinnie Paz

[Verse 1: Vinnie Paz]

(Yeah) -- I'll die on my own sword  
Before I transgress against the Lord and his accord  
Y'all are playin' games and it's somethin' you can't afford  
Babylon the grey horse, cities they adored  
Babylon kill Eric Garner  
Babylon protect itself with armor  
Sodom and Gomorrah, this is horror  
Philando Castile was a martyr  
And they only response to disarm us  
This a fuckin' promise, I ain't gon' subscribe to any dogmas  
Cognitive process of my conscience  
There's no solace, before the storm always calmest  
The Jezebels call theyself Goddess  
Maybe cause they Godless  
Maybe cause they arrogant and pompous  
Philosophy is sat around a dumbass promise  
Why do y'all choose to ignore the obvious?  
Isaac gave dower at the obelisk  
Prophesized hawk at the monolith  
Return to destroy the populace, the megalopolis

[Chorus: (?)]

Come on my friends, open your eyes  
See the sunshine from the west  
The sky is burning and the birds stopped singing  
Come on wake up from your rest

[Verse 2: Vinnie Paz]

(Yeah) -- Gabriel came to Allah apostle  
The Great Tribulation and the Gospel  
Describe the Ulama as colossal  
The All Aware One never doubts you  
Metamorphesize to a fossil  
It's water in the bottle  
Resurrect the dead from the fox hole  
Yemenite Kings had to jostle  
They ended the life of Kalief Browder

Cause mafuckers didn't speak louder  
He ain't have power  
They ruined his mind and he got devoured  
Babylon tortured him and tarred him, then he cowered  
Mafuckers just resigned to die on the avenue  
Same shit, different day, pie, roe and ballyhoo  
Your mans ain't gonna help you, he ain't gon' carry you  
The same one who call himself your brother will embarrass you  
I take these mafuckers out and do it proudly  
It's better to die on the mountain than live in the valley

[Chorus]

# Bloody Jungle by Vinnie Paz

[Intro: Vinnie Paz]

Yeah

Pistolero Pazzzy and all that

Stu Ferrigno

Yeah

Look, aight, one-two

[Verse 1: Vinnie Paz]:

Bumbaclot, you could die out here

This a different set of rules we abide by here

Them yoppas is always out, we do drive-bys here

Y'all are hippies, Vinnie don't allow tie-dye here

This the book of Exodus, it's Mount Sinai here

You get punched in the fucking face for looking side-eyed here

No hablo inglés, pardner, we play salsa here

I got shooters that took a charge they like ta-ta here

Chop his fucking head, cock it back for the click-clack

Stray shots hit 'em in the abdomen the six pack

The 40. Cal bullets size smaller than a tic-tac

Beretta 84 Cheetah hit em like a Chit sack

The Taurus jammed too much, pa, so I can't bother

The Nighthawk blammin', it touch you like Bambaattaa

How many more of y'all gon' be catching the fate?

And everybody mad looking at the mess that I made

Stupid!

[Chorus: Tragedy Khadafi]

Stop it, y'all little dudes been out of pocket

Your whole wardrobe comin' out your girl's closet

You need to get back inside the closet

'Fore we unleash the rockets, c'mon, stop it

Stop it, y'all little dudes been out of pocket

Your whole wardrobe comin' out your girl's closet

You need to get back inside the closet

'Fore we unleash the rockets c'mon stop it

[Verse 2: Tragedy Khadafi]

Don't have me push a button flyin' all type of kites



Deprive you of oxygen, deprive you of life  
Slugs flyin' out of nines inside your windpipes  
This the difference between survivin' and living life  
Stop the barkin' before I make the gun bite  
My faculty's in order, underworld supporter  
Sodom Gomorrah, sodomize mics for four quarters  
Get it the hustle, hustle to get it that's off the muscle  
Queue the apocalypse, the iron jungle  
A hundred miles runnin' N\*\*\*as Wit' Attitude'll gun you  
Look what it come to, set it out when the god come through  
Tranquilo or humble, more dope than a bundle  
War tactics, artifacts, it's all actual  
Khadaf no gay, Khadaf no play, Khadaf the  
Black Caesar you sweeter than Stevie J  
(You sweeter than Stevie J)  
[Chorus: Vinnie Paz and Tragedy Khadafi]  
Stop it, y'all little dudes been out of pocket  
Your whole wardrobe comin' out your girl's closet  
You need to get back inside the closet  
'Fore we unleash the rockets, c'mon, stop it  
Stop it, y'all little dudes been out of pocket  
Your whole wardrobe comin' out your girl's closet  
You need to get back inside the closet  
'Fore we unleash the rockets c'mon stop it  
[Outro]  
(C'mon stop it)  
(C'mon stop it)  
Stop